"The Tramp" and Ada

The Way a Pretty Girl Learned That Beauty is as Beauty Does,

thda was reading on the front porch, when the gate opened, and somebody came up the walk. A boy, well grown and weil favored enough, but with a careworn, tired look, and shabby old clothes.

"A tramp," Ada thought, with a little

'Could I see your father?" the boy asked, hesitatingly, his hat in his hand. Ada looked him over. "I don't know where

At the barn, perhaps," said she, "Thank you," said the boy, and started for

Ada had a rosebud in her hair, and he dress was the freshest of blue lawns. She was pretty and dainty. Desirable qualities, surely. But some of her parents' old friends and neighbors, having in mind that she was a farmer's daughter, thought, and on occasion said, that Ada's year at an expensive city boarding school had made her a little airy, a little notional, a little inclined to

carneared. "I'll go with you," said Sam.
"Not at all! It sin't necessary," said the man, and held out his hand for the hammer.
"O, I guess I'll go along," Sam persisted, and he pushed out at the gate with the

"Sam is tinkering up your father's old gun," said Ada's mother. A shot sounded. 'Why, he's fixed it so well it will go! He's he handlest boy I ever saw. "You let him do anything under the sun,"

said Ada impatiently.
"Why not?" said her mother, sevenely. After supper Ada and her mother drove to



"AND YOU SAW THROUGH IT

Ada had forgotten the strange boy when Humphrey was waiting to out up the horse. she went in to dinner, but through the door she beheld him eating his dinner at the strated. "I told you not to, I could have pu-kitchen table. "I'm going to let him stay the horse up as well as not." strong and seems willing. Sam Humphrey, less sleep, his name is. He lost an aunt lately, over in Boylston, that he'd lived with, and now he's trying to get to another relation he's got in Pennsylvania, though he isn't sure he'll be wanted when he gets there. I'm going to give him a chance to earn enough so he can go the rest of the way by train.'

You always do such funny things, father," "Don't call him a tramp, my girl," said her mother, cheerfully. "I believe he's a good, honest boy."

But Ada turned an eye of disapproval upon

But Ada turned an eye of disapproval upon she considered him, only deepened her feeling. Her father and mother and the hired girl all liked him much. "He does the work Brigham did, and does it better," said her father at the end of a

'But you don't know anything about him,' "There I've got you!" said her father.
"John Reynolds was over this way the other day, from Boylston, and I asked him about Sam. He knew him, and knew his aunt, and he spoke well of them, too. There, sis! And you won't deny that he's a good-hearted and good-mannered boy?"

"I haven't noticed bim much." Ada answered; and that was true. "I believe Sain is afraid of you," said her mother. "Why don't you get him to help you put out the croquet set, and have a game with him?"

"Pshaw!" said Ada, pursing her red lips. That afternoon her father put his best horse into the buggy. 'I'm going over to Gresham to see Frank Husted about those Alderney cattle he's promised me, he said. "I've got other business there, too, and I guess I shan't get home to-



A BOY WELL GROWN AND WELL FA VORED ENOUGH.

night. I'il be back tomorrow early." Sam fasteried a buckle in the harness, and set open the big gate, and he drove off, Ada was watering her roses. Sam, having latched the big gate, approached her

shyly.
"If that rose bush by the porch "If that rose bush by said, "it wou trained up a little," he said, "it would be better. Don't you want me to fix it?" It was a timid advance toward acquaintance; but it was a failure. "O. if you like," mid Acceratelessly; and the boy flusting went and got some pieces of string and a stepladder.
Ada sprinkled the flowers. She had on

a becoming white dress; and when a strange man came in at the gate presently, she was not surprised that he turned upon her, as lifted his bat to her, a distinctly ad-

"Go:d evening. Is the gentleman of the house at home, miss?" he inquired. "My father has just gone away," Ada "Not for long, I presume?" said the man.

"Till tomorrow." said Ada. "Did you want to see him?" "Only for a minute, miss. I wanted to borrow a hammer for a few minutes. My wagon's broke down, up the road a little wagon's broke down, up the road a little way, and I'll need a hammer to fix it. I don't want to trouble you, miss, but if that's your hired man there"—Ada nodded —"If you'll let him step down and get me rest of you and scare you. I didn't know

Ada liked his deeply respectful manner. 'Sam," she said, "will you bring this gentle-

"The idea! I asked him to bring the ham

mer; I didn't ask him to help the man," thought Ada, with displeasure, and when Sam came back she did not appear to see him. Sam finished with the rose bush; then he went out to the barn and stayed there till upper time.

ME WHAT YOU'VE DONE FOR US."

look down on anything or anyhody that was | the village to a concert and drove home i the moonlit stillness of the evening. San "What made you?" Ada's mother remon-

awhile," her father explained, when the door was shut. "He asked for wo k, and I'm going to let him help me. Brigham's got to leave pretty soon, and I don't know where to look for another hired man, and this boy looks."

"How they do spail that boy!" thought Ada. "The tramp" was getting to be a real thorn in her flesh. But she was too sleepy pretty soon, and I don't know where to look for another hired man, and this boy looks. The property states and some still the state of the sta

III. She woke suddenly and sat uo, staring be fore her. Something had wakened her, some unwonted sound. She wondered if she had dreamed it-but it come again, a soft scrap ling, a bumping that seemed to come from directly under her window.

her father's protege. The fact that she was alone in her disaffection for "the tramp," as the considered him only deceased her feelstand still. Against the house, just under the window, a long ladder vested; one man

stood beside it and on a lower rung stood another. The sound of their muttered speech was distinct in her ears. She tried to scream, but only a chokin sound came. She was almost too terrified a stir, but she ran from the room and into he

mother's room, and shook her until sh wakened. "Burglars!" she panted. Her voice forsool her, but she clutched her mother's arm. Her mother stared at her, bewildered and in

"They've got a ladder," Ada gasped 'They're getting into my window mother sprang out of bed and rushed acres the hall. Shaking like a leof, and with he knees weakly trembling under her, Ada fol lowed.

In the square of the window they saw a man's head blackly silhouetted, then his shoulders. Another moment, and the man would have been in the room. But of a sudden a voice broke out on th ir. "Get out of there!" it shouted. "Ge

down and get out, or I'll fill you full of holes, both of you!" In a flash the man's head dropped from view. "I'll count (en," the voice yelled, "and unless you're both off these premises by that

Ada's mother polited with a shoking hand at a window in the wing of the house, plainly visible to them. It was that of Sam Humphrcy's room, and he stood there, his head and shoulders thrust out. He stood motionless; there rested on his shoulder the butt of a gun, pointed downward, and his eyes were on its muzzle and his hand on the "One-two-three-" he counted none too slowly.

There was a sound of rushing steps below the ladder fell with a crash, and they saw two figures, bent as if with fear of that well aimed gun, run skulking out of the yard and

They saw Sam Humpbrey bound away from the windaw, and heard him pound through the father hallway and go tearing down stairs. "He's going after them!" cried Ada's mother, and cutching up a shawl and finging it over her shoulders she sped down stairs

Ada thung trembling over the banisters "You shall not go!" she heard her mother say. "No, no! You, a boy! Suppose those men have pistols. You've done enough. You've savel us—you've saved our property, and our lives, 'too, maybe, who knows? and you shan't risk your life clasing up those men—" Ada's mother broke down in tears of agitatica, and thereby won the day.

"All right, ma'om, if you feel so," soid Sam Humphrey, "but wouldn't I like to land the pair of them in jail!" There was no more sleep for anybody that night. The hired girl, tardily awakened by the rumpus, came hurrying in, en-veloped in a blue counterpane. Ada and her mother made hasty tollers, and then they all gathered in the sitting room and

lighted the lamp.
"You're completely dressed, Sam Hum phrey!" said Ada's mother. "Your shoes are laced, even. You don't mean to say you hadn't gone to bed? It's 2 o'clock!" "I—no ma'am, I hadn't. I was sitting up. You see, ma'am—" He turned to Ada.

"Did you see that man on the ladder? Did you see who it was?" said he. "No," Ada shuddered. "It was the man who borrowed the ham mer last night," said Sam Humphrey. Ada

"You see," said the boy, "I heard what he said when he asked you for it, and I thought he acted queer. It seemed to me he was trying to find out if your father was going to be gone all night, and whether I was all the bired man there was, and I pricked up my ears. That's why was bound to tag after him with I wanted to see if it was all

atraight "Well, there was a wagon waiting the road, and another man in it, and they pottered around under the wagon awhile and cried to make out there was a bol loose somewhere and that they'd fixed it

but I was too suspicious, and I diin't want

noure, if anywhere, and that's how it hap-bened that they got clear to the window and scared you to death before I—" Ada's mother swept bits into a motherly nbrace. "You dear boy!" said she. "You ombeace.

ave boy!"
"My goodness! I never heard nothing like Scarling off two burgars! 'Most any boy ild have crawled under the bed," said the hired girl from behind her counterpant And Ada—Ada's , art was ha.dest. So filled was she with a confusion of strange feelings that at first she could not speak. And consternation and shame were chief among them. "To think," she cried, "that I fell right into his trap and told him just what he wanted to know. O, what—an idlet! And you saw through it And see what you've done for us! O, Sam Humphrey, will you let me stake hands with you?" Ada cried, with a heartfelt shower of tears.

The next day when Ada's father had got bome and had heard the story and made plentiful vigorous comments thereon, and slapped Sam Humphrey on the back some and therefore they called their new home twenty-five times; when all the neighbors Pella, meaning a place of refuge. The foundwenty-five times; when all the neighbors had been in and asked numberless questions and gazed admiringly at the hero; when a reporter from the town paper had arrived and looked at the gun and at the fallen ladder and at Sam Humphrey, and taken tiotes for a column article—the next day, when Sam Humphrey had grown modestly to state and society in the deep consciousness confused at his sudden fame and taken refuge in the barn. Ada followed him thither.

"Father and mother and I have been talk-ing about you," she said, "and we think, cr we hope, that unless those relations of yours in Pennsylvania want you very much, you ligious liberty in Europe. But the Holland will stay on with us here. We all want you of 1840 was not the Holland of 1640. A clergy

"Do you," said Ada, with a little shake in her voice, "do you like to play croquet? Won't you come and he'p me set out the

PUMPING OUT A QUICKSAND.

Seeking a Treasure Said to Have Been Left by Indians in Missouri. A search for gold has been in progress for the last three months near Clearmont, village in the extreme northwest corner of Missouri. For a number of years, relates a orrespondent, the Balns brothers David John and William and their neighbors, have believed that a large amount of money, esti-mated at from \$7,500 to \$300,000, is buried on a small trip of land lying two and onehalf miles north of Clearmont and belonging to Alexander Gray, a harnessmaker. The money is supposed to have been buried by

In 1837 that part of Missouri now included n the counties of Buchanan, Holt, Nodaway, stchison, Andrew and Platte was held by the ac and Fox and loway indians. The govlitions, including the payment of \$7,500 in Old Chief Ca-ha-qua (Red Fox) of the Sacs and Foxes, so tradition runs, was deputed by his tribe to receive the amount due it. He brought half of it on one trip, rad going back for the rest he and his com-panious were set on by a party of Omahas and killed. He had told no one what he had done with the money already secured, and with other treasures of his tribe, which he ad in his possession before starting, and the secret of their burial place was carried with him to the grave. Soon after the Indiges were removed to Kansas it became a tradi-tion among the Sics and Foxes that the reasure had been deposited in a hollow log and sunk to the bottom of a small lake near where Clearlake now stands. There was formerly such a lake, but the Nodaway river filled it with sand, and its site is doubtful.

After the tradition was related to them the Bains brothers dreamed by night and talked by day of the buried treasure. Three months ago they got two magnetic needles supposed to have gold-locating properties, and the entire community turned out to see them tested. To the delight of the brothers both need as dipped over the place where the lake

is supposed to have been. The experiment as repeated and with the same result their The brothers set at work, but troubles had only just begun, as they soon learned. The needles had dipped over a bed of quicksand. The brothers and their help-ers worked for days with untiring energy It was evident that the box or hollow lo containing the money, if there at all, wa leep below the surface, and they refused discouraged as the time slipped away Finally, one day, three weeks after the arrival of the needles, Bill Bains' spade struck something hard. Naturally, he believed it was the hollow log. He called to his companions for help. But the water from the river had already begun to wash They worked ar fast as they could, and, it is said, succeeded in uncovering the end of the log. But it was heavy, the water was rushing in, and before it could be se-

That was more than two months ago. The story of the finding of the treasure created great excitement in Burlington Junction and Clearmont, Mo., and Braddyville, Ia. many people visited the place during next few days that armed men stood guard night and day. A number of Clearmont ousiness men became interested, a stock company was formed for the purpose of helping the Bainses and 100 shares were sold at the rate of \$25 a share. Harry Souers, a Clearmont druggist, took a number of shares, and, to pay for them, furnished a stationary engine with which to pump the water from the hole, and for several weeks a good-sized force of men worked night and day. As fast, however, as the water and sand were pumped out of the hole the river filled it again and little progress was made.

But the treasure-seekers know no such thing as discouragement. They quit work for a few days until a more powerful engine and two stand pipes could be secured. pipes were sunk twenty feet into the sand and the pumping was begun again, and is still going on incessantly night and day. Under the new arrangement the sand and water are both thrown out in a continuous but the skeptical declare that before the lake is pumped empty all the Nodaway

iver north of Clearmont will be dry.

People in northwest Missouri and southvestern Iowa are watching the work the treasure-seekers with great interest knowledge of which fact has probably added greatly to their ardor. Already almost half as much as was paid for the entire Platte pur chase has been spent in the vain search, but the Bainzes and their friends say that have not yet thought of giving up.

TAKING OUT THE KINKS.

Strange Fad Prevalent Among Washington's Colored Society. colored ministers of Washington, lates a correspondent, are preaching that "flesh is vanity" from a point of view which does not give their white brethren any

trouble. Displayed in a show window on one of the principal shopping streets of this city is this sign:

ATTENTION, COLORED PEOPLE!
Blank's Take-out-kink
Will take the kink out of your hair and
make it sliky, soft, pliable
and beautiful,

Then follow instructions for the use, accompanied by the guarantee of harmlessness, and by other statements of the preparation. But the sign is not what draws the colored people to the window and causes them to remain there with admiring gaze The bottom of the show window is pile high with black hair in the natural state. There is enough to make a good beginning with a mattress. Above are exhibits of what "Blank's take-out-kink" can do. Switches and bangs and braids and other forms of black hair, soft and glossy and wavy, are shown in strong contrast the raw material underneath. The sight is temptation. Colored pasters of Wath-ington bave discovered that the fashion to guage the wickedness of trying to che natural order of capillary growth.

Waste no money. Buy Salvation Oil, the only good liniment. It kills all pain.

Settlement at Pella When the State Was Yet Young...Rapid Progress in the Calony - Founding the Sions County Colony.

The settlement of the Dutch colonists in Marion county, Iowa, is the subject of a sketch in the annals of lows from the pen of Cyrenus Cole, associate editor of the Des Mokies Register, himself a descendant of the colonists. In the summer of 1847 700 colonists from Holland came to Iowa and setfled in Marion county on the divide between the Des Moines and Skuuk rivers, Mr. Cole writes. In their own country they had been persecuted on account of their religion, being dissenters from the established reform church and therefore they called their new home to state and society in the deep consciousness that they were a part of God's own plan.

To speak of religious persecutions in Holland is almost to contradict history. Holland s one of the crudles of both civil and reof 1849 was not the Holland of 1649. A clergy supported by the state had learned to use the civil power for its own ends, which were not always the ends of religion. Tolerance had become in olerance. Sturdy Calvanism had become fawning formalism. But all the had become fawning formalism. But all the old fires had not been put out. The men and women who came to Pella while in Holland women who came to Pella white in Holland stood true to the past of the republic and the reformation. They believed in the complete separation of church and state. They opposed the established church because to them it had become an institution of form, instead of being an expression of faith. Out of the Napoleonic reconstruction of Europa Hollone emerged a medarchy with a close ecclesi-astical establishment. The state used the church and the church used the state, each for its own ends. The church became worldly and the government tyranical. It was against this that the people who cherished the old ideas revolted.

The longing for a new fatherland manifested itself prior to 1841, and in 1846 the first steps toward emigration to America were taken. The emigration was made in the spring of 1847, four small chartered sall-ing vessels departing for America between the 4th and 11th of April. They carried in all 160 constituted households, or familied, together with a large number of both men and women who were compelled to leave their families and relatives as well as their native land. The emigrants landed in Balti-more in May, and after a long and tedious journey, by the primitive American rail-ways, by steamboat and by chage, finally reached St. Louis, where they were hos-pitably welcomed. From St. Louis they sent out "spies after the manner of the children of Israel' of old, to find a sultable location for a settlement. Many locations were offered them and many flattering inducements held out, but from the first Iowa was the most favored place. The state was not yet one year old, having been attmitted into the union in the preceding December. The commissioners at once went to Iowa. General Van Antwerp, in charge of the government land office at Fairfield, conducted them to the divide in Marion county and said: "This is the garden spot of Iowa." There, accordingly, they bought two civil townships of land, paying to the government \$1.25 per acre. This done, they returned to St. Louis with the glad tidings that they had found their future abode.

JOURNEY INTO IOWA. The journey was at once resumed, a steamboat being chartered from St. Louis to Keo-kuk. At Keokuk they gathered their goods horses and oxen, and rate than ever. tarted on their overland journey. It was i curious procession that made its way up the valley of the Des Moines. Quite a speciacle it must have been for the "natives." There were men and women in strange garb, and speaking a strange tongue. Some rode in wagons drawn by horses and some in carts drawn by oxen. Some rode on horses and many went afoot. The men were broad-shouldered and the women fair-faced. The men were in velvet jackets and the women in caps and bonnets the like of which had never before been seen in Iowa. After a journey of several days they came, on August 26, 1847, to a level place, where stood a hickory pole with a shingle nailed to the op and on the shingle the single word

It was almost September and winter was before the emigrants. They were on an open prairie, with no shelter save a few log houses left by the squatters of 1843. From a distant saw mill they procured lumber to build the first house, and the rest went to work and made "dugouts." The settlement became known as "Strooljen stad," or "Straw City." The winter spent in such abodes has ever been a distinct era in the ninds of the colonists.

Three things they did in Pella before a else. They made provision for the worship of God, for the instruction of the youth, and for citizenship. Three weeks after their ar-rival, an officer of the courts was sent for and all the male adults declared their intention to become citizens of the United States At the regular session of the Iowa legicla ture in 1848 a bill was passed empowering the people of Pella to hold forthwith a town-ship election, and they voted for president the United States for the first time in 1852.

PROGRESSIVE COLONY. From the first, the progress of the colonist was rapid. A survey of the town was made on the 2d of September, 1847, and eight blocks laid out into sixty-four lots, surrounding the Garden square. At the same time they began

to till the soil, the farmers going to work with a willingness that had never been excelled, even in America. From 1848 to 1855 there were large annual additions to the colony. In 1856 there were probably 2,000 people in the settlement. They have pros-pered as a community almost beyond all ex-pectations. The two original townships have ong since been too small for them and their lescendants. The settlement is now nearly miles long and ten to fifteen miles They buy land continually, but seldon sell. They have absorbed several neighbor-ing villages. There has always been a con-servative, "old fashioned" element in the center, but the outlying "provinces" of Pelle are liberal and thoroughly Americanized Theology is blue at the center, but it grows paler toward the circumference. The home language is still the Dutch in most places, but the oublic language is always the English, which alone is taught in the schools

Passing over the founding of Orange City, the delusion es to the navigation of the Des Moines river, the establishment of the Baptist college and the gold fever of 1850, events which helped to shape the destiny of the colony, the writer brings us down to the celebration, on the 1st and 2d of September, 1897, of the fiftieth achieversary of the founding of Pelia. Then thousand gathered where the 700 had met in 1847. Of the first settlers only a few remained. Sluttered and broken and bent were they—the remnants of a once sturdy band. The pothos of a great struggle was written on their faces; there was also the conscioueness of victory. For the community it was an auspicious and mem-orable occasion. The city was filled with flags, but all the flags were American. There was not a flag of Holland diplayed in all the streets. "We are Americans, though we are proud of our Dutch blood," is what the people meant to say. And their children and grandchildren, or as many of them as had studied the history of Europ and America, were even prouder of that blood than were the parento and grand-parents. The joint heritage of Dutch blood

and American citizenship-what more could denouncing from the pulpit in vigorous language the wickelness of trying to change the natural order of capillary growth ways, to gather up these fragments of his-tory. Our love for those who have gone before us and prepared the way for us prompts us to write of these subjects Pella has for the Iowa writer not only historical,

but I was too suspicious, and I din't want to get you frightened for nothing. But I been thinking about it, and I made up my mind to be good and ready if suything happened; and so I got that gun in shape, and cided it up and loaded it, and I aldn't go to bed. I just sat up and waited.

"But you see," Sam Humphrey ended, with a smile of modest apploay, I was watching at the back window. I thought they'd try to get in at the back of the house, if snywhere, and that's how it hap-

I wish that I could have preserved in this brief sketch something more of the Iowa of 1847-of those free prairies and that free spirit. I have often heard told how beautiful Iowa was when the settlers who came from Holland first saw this land. It was billowy like the sea which they crossed. There was wave after wave on the tall grass. Climbing up the hills and dipping down into the hol-lows, the winds rippied or rolled over the vast meadows of God. How the prairies

bewildered men!
It cost something to live in a new country. but it was also worth something. I believe that a part of it all has passed into the mon and women who toiled among such scenes something of the strength and the freedom something of the highness and wideness, something of the beauty and the sacredness. Men and women have been living in Iowa, but Iowa is just beginning to live in men and women. It takes more than one genera tion to do this.

But the making of Iowa was not a dream it was a stern reality. It was not in a handful of wild flowers which women gathhandful of wild flowers which women gathered, nor in a bit of blue sky which they admired, nor in the song of a bird which charmed them. It was a battle between civilization and barbarism. The men and the women marched side by side and fought together. Ever marching, ever fighting; sometimes repulsed, or annihilated, but always victorious in the end. Fortunate are they whose fathers and mothers, or great they whose fathers and mothers, or great grandfathers and great grandmothers, served in this grand army of the pioneers—the etate builders of the new world.

In this vast country of ours each one has some spot which is more dear to him than all the rest. Pella is such to me. How often has the story of the dikes and the prairies, of the gray skies and the blue, of the sea of waters, and the sea of grasses, of the joys and the sorrows, of the burdens borne so far and the suffering endured so long, been told o me by one who, as a girl, gave first to the new reformation in Holland and then to the new country in America. From her I have the spirit of this sketch. I have earned to believe that the truest history of any erasor any event must be written on of the hearts of women, rather than out the minds of men.

Arnold's Bromo Celery cures headaches 10c, 25c and 50c. All druggists. HASTE WITHOUT SPEED.

mpatient Man Trapped and Held for Twenty Minutes by Theater Chair. There is one man in Kansas City, relates the Times, who will never again be so anxlous to get out of a theater that he will try to climb over the scats. This man was at the matinee at the Grand the other after-neon, and when he had stood on one foot for twenty minutes, with the other foot se-curely fastened in the seat upon which be had stepped in his wild desire to get out shead of the man in front of him, he made a mental resolve that the next time he would abide his time. It required the combine efforts of twelve men, including Stage Car penter Lyman, who acted as foreman, to extricate the rash individual, and a hammer, saw and a screwdriver had to be brough into play before the prisoner was released.

The man sat well down in the orchestra chairs, and as soon as the curtain droppe on the last act of "In Old Keutncky" he be gan to figure on getting out before the people who sat six rows behind him. His first move was to forget all the laws of propriety and step on his seat in order to climb over be hind it. His second move was to stay juwhere he was. The seat, not being made for a step-ladder, turned with him, and his leffoot slipped down between the iron work as the back and the leather-covered bottom of the seat. There it went and there it remained. The man could not pull his foot out nor could any of a crowd of men who volun-

teered to do a little tugging.
The too-rapid man had started out while wearing an overcoat. He found the coat too eavy and slipped out of it. He then began to notice that it was warm in the theater He took off his hat. Next he unbuttoned his vest, and began to perspire at a faster

shoe and foot were there together, and there was no freeing one without the other. Finally, a member of the orchestra, after passing an expert opinion on men who ste on the seats in a theater, called Stage Car penter Lyman. Lyman took one look at the seat, and dis-

appeared in search of too's. With a small saw he cut away the footboard at the back of the seat, but even after a good deal o excavating it was found that the shoe and foot declined to be moved. Lyman made an-other sortle to the region behind the curtain. and secured a screwdriver. The screws wer taken out, bolts were loosened, and afte the prisoner was finally liberated, without so much as a "thank you," he made a dash for the door, having lost just nineteen and one-half minutes by trying to save time.
"I hope it will teach him a lesson," said Lyman, as he looked at the ruins. "Do you know that we have down stairs 500 pounds of castings which we have to keep because and breaking them? The man who gets

caught at that trick need never expect any

sympathy from me.





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SAPOLIO

What, Ho! For Winter Sports!

ALL HAIL THE

We're off for the skating! We're down the toboggan slide! Gee! But isn't it fun!

The Ice Carnival is on at the Exposition grounds. They charge 10 cents to get into the grounds, 10 cents admission to the ice and 5 cents for each ride down the toboggan slide.

Any Boy or Girl Can Go Free.

IF you will bring in two new subscribers for the Daily and Sunday Bee for two weeks each, you can get a ticket to the grounds, an admission to the ice and four trip tickets for the toboggan slide, or eight tobggan tickets or four ice admissions.

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